

HI-LITES

This is the time of plenty . . . for readers that is. HILIFE this month is packed with some of the best editorial fare we've had the pleasure to present in a long time. The Hi-dramatic beauty of cover girl Ann Austin (Miss HI-LIFE-centerfold) seems to have moved the staff to outdo themselves What with Spring Fever (the crew usually suffers same from February through September) and all, this was about to become just "another issue" . . . until Miss Austin made her appearance.

Since sounding brilliant in mag-azines seems to be in vogue these days, we asked Robert Shelton to do something intelligent. His Birth of the Blues, '64 is a penetrating look at the factors behind the current, growing popularity of American Southern-rural music . . . the

"real" blues if you will.

Not that there's any reason for Miss Austin's face and form to remind us of Bob Abel, we nevertheless found ourselves discussing this month's lead story with him: and since he refused to pose for the centerspread, we took as his offering, The Comic Strip Cold War. Regardless of what the Kremlin is telling the rest of the world, we are winning . . . at least in "Steve Canyon", "Winnie Winkle" and "Terry and the Pirates" . . . and as soon as "Smilin' Jack" settles things in Viet-Nam-or where ever the hell he is-he'll undergo an interview-indepth by Abel. But leaving the unreal world of the funny papers, and returning to the real unreal world. we come to "Woody Allen-a Superior Inferior" if there ever was one. In this profile, Micheal Valenti has captured the true essence of the country's littlest-biggest popular loser. Allen's vivid descriptions of his battles with toasters, televisions, elevators . . . etc. should set the electronics age back at least a century. And if you have nothing better to do some Saturday night, you can always go to Allen's home and mug him in the hallway . . . he's a pushover.

Please excuse the bromide, but we're beside ourselves over MIM That's a writer, friend, and a damn good one. Although we suspect MIM to be a gal, we're not sure since we've never met her. All we do know is that some of the greatest material to come into this office is received from this Mexico-based contributor. We think you'll agree when you read her (or is it his) If We're Not Divorced By Then, Let's Go Away For The Weekend. You'll be seeing a lot of this one in future is-

This is the year of politicians, and as a public dis-service, HI-LIFE, in keeping with a policy of "equal time", is presenting state-ments from those candidates best qualified to screw up the country no more than it already is. Although we personally support Bobby Baker for President, we've given space to Richard Niessink to state (W)Here I Stand. If ambiguity is a prime factor in winning (and apparently it is) then this is another first for HILIFE since you'll have just heard from the next "CHIEF" . . . all hail. Mort Gerberg — who's not run-ning for any office this year joins the list of outstanding artists and cartoonists who have contributed to this issue. His illustration for The Comic Strip Cold War is a master-piece of political satire that should leave the reader convulsed with laughter.

Relieving in something-for-everyone, we called upon automotive staffer. Bob Lawlor, to do a pieceof interest to all you car buffs. In A Guide To Selecting A Sportscar, we think you'll find some valuable information, plus some rather revealing facts as to what a sportscar is and isn't.

Rounding out this lusty editorial feast, a couple of eye-stunning pictorials: Ewhurst, a nifty little hideaway (40 rooms or so) where London's leading figure photographers practice the art of making us drool. And last, but most, The Body . . . she's June Palmer and she just

won't stop.

Cold Was Page 24



Woody Allen

Page 11



The Blues

Page 22



Miss HI-LIFE LEAPIN' LIZARDS.



PROMISE THEM







but above all get yourself a camera and a ticket to

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HI-LIFE

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Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

Shamed by your English?

You can soon speak and write like a college graduate if you let me help you for 15 minutes a day.

LET'S BE FRANK

If you've ever been shamed by a mistake in English, maybe I can save you from years of disappointment.

You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go.

I have met countless numbers of intelligent men and women who are being held back in their jobs and social lives—often without knowing it—because they couldn't express themselves fully and easily.

What About You?

Could you get ahead faster with a command of good English? Just ask yourself these questions:

Even with all your ability and ambition, how long has it been since you had a promotion?

Even with all you have to offer, when people get together at work or at parties, are you the one they listen to?

Be Honest with Yourself

If people are not impressed by the way you speak and write—and, if you're honest enough with yourself to admit it—you have already taken the first big step to success.

The Next Step Is Easy

You can master good English without going back to school. Over the years I have helped thousands of men and women to stop making embarrassing mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, and become interesting conversationalists—right in their own homes.

Here's What to Do

I can help you, too, if you will give IS minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can stop being ashamed of your English, and do something about getting ahead.

Question What is so important about my ability to speak and write?

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question What do you mean by a "command of good English"?

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your thinking becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home —in only a few minutes each day. Question Is this something new?

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

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Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

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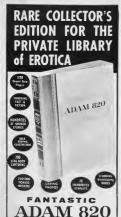
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HI-LIFE'S LETTERS

ADDRESS HI-LIFE MAGAZINE 1 VANDERBILT AVE., BOX 17, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

one buying more than one issue of your magazine. your magazine.

> William Beesham Minneapolis, Minn.

I have been reading HI-LIFE for almost five years, and at one time I thought it to be the best men's magazine on the market. However, lately it seems to be turning into a poor publication. Each month offers less and less to the reader. Like any loyal fan, I don't like to see this happen, and hope something will be done to put HI-LIFE back among the top few.

> George Wilson Wichita, Kan.

Unless you people start putting some interesting reading matter in your book, this is one reader that will start buying

> Thomas Macklin Providence, R.I.

This is to notify you to cancel my subscription to your magazine, When I first subscribed to HI-LIFE I was impressed with it's quality and it's down-to-earth honesty . . . and thought it a good buy at any price . . . but not so lately.

> Jack LaMond Bridgeport, Conn.

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Jim O'Hara Oklahoma City, Okla.

The March issue of HI-LIFE was the first time I bought your magazine. The March issue of HI-LIFE was the last time I bought your magazine.

> Peter Vellon New Haven, Conn.

I don't know which is worse . . . being stationed here in Korea or reading your magazine.

> Tommy Murray APO, San Fran., Calif.

It's a toss up who is more inefficient . . your editorial staff or the Dallas Police force.

John Maurice Las Vegas, Nev.

Periodically, Johnny Carson, on the "Tonight Show" gives his choices for the World's Fair Time Capsule . . . May I offer this as my contribution The entire editorial staff of HI-LIFE . . . and then forget the

location of the burial site.

Al Katopolis Astoria, L.I.

ED: It must appear strange that a magazine would choose only derogatory letters to publish in their 'To the Editor' column, but we ran these in order to emphasize our pointwhich is; We believe—as apparently the writers above seem to indicateif a magazine is to survive in today's competitive market, those responsible for its publication must not lose sight of the fact that their main functions are to both entertain and inform their readers. We agree with the above readers. We selected excerpts from their letters because we think they best describe the conditions at HI-LIFE when we took over. You see, HI-LIFE is now "under new management" management with a new policy . . a policy that simply but honestly intends to give readers the maximum

value for their money. We have attempted, and hope this "first" issue

indicates this policy application. Future issues of HI-LIFE will contain a wide variety of editorial matter for your pleasure. Accent will be on rib-tickling humor and cartons, entertaining and gripping fiction and thought-provoking articles. (See page 64 for a line-up of the next issue) This will be combined with a maximum effort to present this material in the most artistic (but sensible) and appealing package we can design. However, we are not infallible . . . we will make mistakes

. . . but we will always strive for perfection . . . and this in part will be guided by your comments. We welcome your criticism as well as your praise, so please don't hesitate to write. We will publish as many of your letters as space allows. Our new address is listed above. Let us hear from you.

THE STAFF

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HI-LIFE'S



Bored by the absence of a really juicy scandal these days, The New Statesman - Britain's largest political magazine, invited its readers to invent one. Some of the entries were on the tame side, but the winning "scandal" is strictly a lark on the wild side: "The discovery of a human pelvis in an alley near Westminster started the investigation. But it was information laid by Lady Susan Shyster, model and ex-Tory agent, which finally settled a positive link between the bone and Mr. Macmillan's disappearance. The raid on Sam Sodomite's club in Wardour Street, where three naked cabinet ministers were found drinking champagne out of a loving cup inscribed H.M. closed the net still further. It now appears that the former Prime Minister was kidnapped by a gang of young Conservatives and bartered for six pounds of heroin to Viscount X, a known Chinese agent, Viscount X is the half-brother of Miss Clara Clapp, a parlour maid employed at Buckingham Palace. The lady, the admitted mistress of 137 Conservative backbenchers, negotiated the transfer of Mr. Macmillan to the 1922 Committee. They drove Mr. Macmillan to Sam Sodomite's club in a stolen Churchill tank, where, after a brief religious ceremony, he was barbecued in the Hall of a Thousand Mirrors. It has not been definitely established that Mr. Macmillan was in fact sold as shish kebab at a Brighton church bazaar, but the presence of a crooked index finger in a senior minister's refrigerator has excited speculation." Well, poor Mac has retired from active politics, but at least he's still around in the flesh. And if the Conservatives don't get returned to power, you may have just read the latest scandal in Britain . . . before it happens.

Wandering around New York City, we found this 86 proof testimonial to the current—and kookie—state of affairs: "Scotch and Milk on Ice Here."

South African censors are stoking the fires of ignorance these days with books authored by writers great and small. Erskine Caldwell is in particular demand at local incinerators, but he's in distinguished company—ranging from Dostoevsky to Hemingway. One survivor: Black Beauty, spared from the bonfire when Big Brother realized that the heroine of the book is merely a horse.

Errant headline from the Iowa City Press-Citizen: "Wives Should Have Affairs in Order."

A S.P.C.A., please take note! A Cologne, Germany, court has dismissed a charge of cruelty to animals brought against a stripteaser who did her act while perched on horseback. This kind of bareback riding, the court held, isn't at all cruel to animals.

California is the place where optimism seems to grow on trees.

Therefore we aren't surprised to learn that a producer of frozen pizza pies in California—the home of optimism—plans to extend his doughmaking operations to Italy — the home of pizza,

D epartment of Incidental Information (Hard Drinker's Division): When ordering another scotch in Scotland, never blurt out something so crass as "Another!" Instead, do as the Scotch do when they want a refill of so

The ultimate in the cook book boom has, we hope, been reached via these new titles: The Chinese Kosher Cook Book; Eating In Bed Cook Book; and The Seducer's Cook Book.

A gentleman of our acquaintance passes on the following note he found stuck under the windshield wiper of his car, regarding, he assumed, the caved-in fender which hadn't been there when he parked: "Oh, dear! I'm pretty and young and the crowd that saw me hit your car is watching me. They think I am writing my name and address on this note. But I am not. Is that not so?"

Life Among the Filthy-Rich Department: Query received by the editor of the Social Security column appearing in the New York World Telegram and Sun. Q. "I need a Social Security number. Can I get one (Turn over)



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Wide, Wild World continued

even if I have not been and do not expect to be employed?"

Embattled Eros publisher Ralph Ginzburg piqued Post Office officials by mailing his hard-covered ode to amor, as a promotional gimmick, from such lusty municipalities as Middlesex, N. J., and Intercourse and Blue Balls, Pa. But Ginzburg's mailing campaigns just scratched the satiric surface of erotic addresses. After all, there's such loving locales as Assawoman, Va.; Ball Club, Minn.; Broadland, S. D.; Comer, Ga.; Dike, Iowa; Dingus, Ky.; Dongola, Ill.; Knob Lick, Mo.; Lay, Colo.; Long Eddy, N. Y.; Makemie Park, Va.; Onward, Miss.; Pumps-ville, Tex.; Remount, S. C.; Saltpetre, W. Va.; Swisher, Iowa; Wild Cherry, Ark.; and Bulger, Nook, Peach Bottom and Pleasant Mount, all Pennsylvania put-ons.

DINING - DRINKING

If you're planning to come to New York for the Fair (and who isn't) then you'll more than likely be dining out . . . unless you plan to free-load on relatives or friends. New York has more restaurant - bars than any other city in the world . . . or at least, so say the guide books.

No matter what's your pleasure you can find it in New York. We've listed a few personal preferences which we think you might find enjoyable. But first, for your own benefit stay away from anything on 49th Street between Sixth Avenue and Times Square. Although there are a few good places, the bulk are clip joints employing B-Girls to hustle you out of your dollars. Walking along the street you can see the girls sitting in neat, little, alluring clusters at the front of the bar on clear display to passers-by. Should you go in, one or more will approach you to buy drinks. If you agree, the order will be for one of two things: Cherry Kijafa (\$1.00 a pony) or a Champagne Cocktail consisting of three ice cubes and about one-half ounce of domestic champagne. For this little tidbit you'll lay out \$2,50. The most action you'll get will be watered down drinks (unless you go for beer at 75¢ a bottle) and a few minutes of dull conversation from a broad who's bust measurement is two points bigger than her I.Q. Should she make a date with you for "when she gets off" you will more than likely be stood up, since this is part of the come on. But all is not black here in the "Big City" and to help you choose the right place for an enjoyable evening, following are listed a few places we think are outstanding:

STEAK ROW, 141 East 45th Street Excellent food, accent steek, (\$5.00 range). A swinging, congeniol atmosphere that offers a better than average chance of meeting "real people". From the charming hot-check miss to the piano player (call him Groucho since he's a look-o-like for G. Marx) you'll find a warm welcome, complete with singin' round the piono. Well warth the money.

BROWN JUG, 1122 First Avenue Your host is Wynn "Brownie" Lassner. The orders of the day are for healthy drinks, ample food partians and a good time for all, served in a relaxed. pleasant atmosphere

Far strictly Italian there are, for our money, only two: JOE & ROSE'S, 745 Third Avenue

Excellent cuisine . . . cosual atmosphere . . . (\$5.00 ronge). Hosted by 'Friddie'', here you're likely to rub elbows with some of the leading sports figures around today. Holding court at the bar during our lost visit was Rocky Marciana. We won't tell you his verdict on the outcome of the Liston-Clay fracas . . . you'll hove to ask him yourself.

MIKE MANUCHE'S, 150 West 52nd Street

Movbe eating Italian food is whot mokes othletes, since those you won't see at the obove will probably be found at Monuche's. From the classic, action-sports paintings on the walls down to the bar stools, the accent here is on your comfort and pleasure, The Italian fare is among the best in the world, and the service is unrivaled anywhere. The price is right no matter.

Most of you will probably be staving in the city proper but the Fair is located in Flushing, Long Island. It might be worth your while to give some of the restaurants on the Island a chance. There are many possibilities but we are a little prejudiced toward the Chateau Gay, 149-30 Northern Boulevard, Flushing. We admire the Horatio Alger idea as well as the next guy and the Chateau Gay is that story personified. Just another neighborhood bar when they bought it, Tom Molloy and Armond Zaccaria have turned the CG into one of the swinginest clubs in Queens. The accent is on good cheer and a good time for everyone . . . and it must be there because weekends find the place packed to capacity. Congeniality is the watchword here, and although food is not the main attraction, Sunday's Special can't be beat. A 15 oz. charcoal broiled boneless DelMonico Steak, served with baked Idaho potato, tossed salad, and garlic bread is the menu . . . and all for an amazing \$2.50 per person. Served from 2:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. Features a piano bar and the best juke box assortment in town. Should be a "don't miss" on your list.

RECORDS

The man responsible for resusitating folk music in our cruel atomic age is back at it again in Belafonte AT THE GREEK THEATRE (RCA Victor). Whether for good or ill is not answered in this two--volume set recorded live in Los Angeles' barnlike Greek Theatre, and, judging from the audience's reaction in the quarter hour Zombie Jamboree, a rollicking number in which Mr. Belafonte puts their 4000 voices strong through some well ordered paces, they couldn't care less. Other nonphilosophical discussions include: Cruel War; Why 'n' Why; Hayoshevet Baganim; Pig; Try to Remember; and In My Father's House.

Once upon a time, Michel Legrand seemed destined to become a gallic Mantovani or David Rose. As the result of what suspiciously seems to be a contractual arrangement with the forces of darkness, he has been given the power to swing his arranging head off in MICHEL LEGRAND BIG BAND PLAYS RICHARD RODGERS (PHILIPS). For the standard price of his soul, his work is now inventive, pulsating, and marked with a humorous cerebration all too rare in jazz. With such soul-compensating support as Clark Terry, Bob Brookmeyer, Paul Gonsalves, Hank Jones, and Julius Watkins, he takes the cliche out of People Will Say We're in Love, Some Enchanted Evening, My Funny Valentine, The Lady is a Tramp, and seven other Rodgers-Hart or Hammerstein chestnuts.

Continuing the even tenor (well, not quite, but a pun is a pun) of his ways, Johnny Mathis in TRIDER IS THE NIGHT (Mercury) continues to make one song sound precisely like the next. This is as it should be. This unifying rapport is especially apparent on No Strings, Call Me Irresponsible, Laura, and Somewhere.

Jazz Er Jazz (Philips) is a multitempoed catch-all designed to show off the multi-talents of French composer-critic Andre Hodeir. The experiments range from the title-work, a piano explosion by Martial Solal superimposed over electronic ensemble work; a Cantata, a six-section opus in which a jazz vocalist probes a wordless, rhythmic new dimension; and a collection of blues, Trope a



"I'm feeling rather horny today."

Saint Trope and Osymetrios I and II, which are highly exploratory yet tightly disciplined. These works, featuring Kenny Clark on drums and Pierre Michelot on bass, are spare, imaginative forerunners of modern jazz' new directions.

FILMS

ACT ONE is Horatio Alger a la Variety. It recounts the awesome trials and tribulations of a struggling young playwrite from the wilds of Brooklyn; as we first meet him, he is seen prowling the streets of New York with an unproduced and unproducable manuscript under his arm. When we are finally rid of him, he is basking in the tumultuous applause of an opening night audience. In the interminable interim, writer, producer, director Dore Schary, has involved us and the hero in a little theatre group at a YMHA in Newark, in a Catskill Mountain resort, in the offices of egotistical producer after another, in backstage and front stage of both out-of-town and in-town theatres. During this epic journey, young Moss Hart (for this is the Horatio in this particular rewrite) meets such white way luminaries as George S. Kaufman (Jason Robards, Jr.), Richard Maxwell (Sam Levine), Sam H. Harris (Sammy Smith), and Warren Stone (Eli Wallach), George Hamilton, as Moss Hart, is properly defeated, ambitious, successful-as per script directions-but gives an occassional hint that he would prefer to be somewhere else. Vietnam, for example. Since the curtain descends after Moss' first hit, there exists the night-marish possibility that an Act Two can be constructed if the demand warrants. Do something about it.

BOOKS

In the good old days of yore when Mr. Clean and Katie Winters were first learning how to play Doctor with the second-grade mates of their choice, the advertising fraternity shunned the limelight with a fervor that bordered on the religious. The veil of anonyminity was everywhere, copywriters were blankfaced hacks, and the client was everything. Most agencies would discuss or admit nothing more than their client's name. The only problem in that noble age, if a problem it was, was the difficulty social historians had in ascribing particular guilt to a particular ad man for a particularly offensive example of the huckstering art. The tacit agreement between the suffering masses and the industry was that things were bad enough without anyone having the gall to crow about it. This tolerable compromise, with great sorrow to relate, is no longer in effect. The present practitioners of the ignoble art, like the silver screen and greasepaint set, now Tell All. BUTT IN: AN ADMAN TALKS, by Milton Biow (Doubleday), is the latest of a score in this Madison Avenue deluge. It, like the others, is complete with convoluted rational-(continued on page 62)



"Damnit, I insist on wearing it."



interview By

Michael Valenti

Sooner or later, it was bound to happen. Those who can remember back half a decade will doubtless real that a young sweater-wearer from out of the West founded the so-called hip school of comedy by utilizing such newly avant-garde materials as a rolled-up newspaper, a nervous, rambing delivery and the argot peculiar to our era: psychiatric jargon. A number of cerebral fellow scholars soon joined Dr. Sahl on the podium, including Shelly Bernan, a specialist in personal vexations and minor disasters. As history will attest, this school of humor prospered and grew, with branch campuses all around the country. However, not until the recent emergence of a five-foot-six, 125-pound weakling, known to Freudian and foe alike as Woody Allen, has the

current hip comedy joined forces with what is the most endearing, if not the oldest, tradition in comedy — that of the little man who refuses to be defeated, yet is incapable of even Pyyrhic victories. In short, the eternal loser

To be sure, Allen is in illustrious company in this regard. Don Quixote and Chaplin's Little Tramp were eternal losers. Both the luckless Sad Sack and the poor, pie-faced Charlie Brown, who is foil for all the juvenile Brown, who is foil for all the juvenile dittended to the content of the Peanuts comic strip, are eternal losers in the classic trained to the content of the conte

Yet one difference persists. Unlike Don Quixote, Allen expects the windmill to tilt back. Exercising awareness instead of naivete, he recognizes that he is a loser by dint of natural

ations and minor disasters. As history will attest, this school of humor prospered and grew, with branch campuses all around the country. However, not until the recent emergence of a five-foot-six, 125-pound weakling, known to Freudian and foe alike as Woody Allen, has the

"Like many entertainers I have become a personal corporation. My Father, Mother and Grandmother are on the Board of Directors, and at the first Board meeting they tried to squeeze me out!"

Life is Just a Bowl Worries Superior Inferior

"I was married to the only White Muslim in New York." aptitude, congenital predisposition and all the combined, irreversible forces of fate. Therefore, all hail the first hip loser of our time. Allen's public catharsis is catharsis for him and excellent comedy for us.

You think you got troubles? Hah! In fact, double hah! Your troubles are pikers compared to Woody Allen's troubles! His education took place at a "school for emotionally disturbed teachers." His radio listening is limited to Conelrad. Robbers won't leave his apartment alone despite the sign over the door: "We Gave." When he visits the dentist for a very deep cavity, the good D.D.S. sends him to a chiropodist. Recognizing his intrinsic frailty, Allen goes to Vic Tanny to learn how to protect himself. Tanny, recognizing Allen's incurable frailty, walks him home each evening. Urchins bully him into a shine, even though he wears suede shoes. An ad agency looking to bolster its democratic image hires him because he looks so Jewish — and then discharges him when he takes off the Jewish holidays. Even his family has troubles: "My father's technologically unenployed. There's a new gadget that does everything he does — only better. The really depressing thing is that my mother . . . ran out and bought one."

Allen's public expositions of his various problems have brought him, in something over two years, to a position of 'big' comic of the day. His own intellectualized response to this sudden stature is one of tongue-in-check modesty: "'Big' to me implies a size unknown to a mind that cannot conceive with the breadth of Milton's, the soul of Dante's, and the salary of Jerry Lewis." However, false tongues in check do not tell the whole story, since signs of gross success were there. In their first review,

the New York Times called Allen "the most refreshing comic to emerge in many months," but this was mild indeed compared to the hosannas from Variety's usually jaded reviewer: "By way of runaway hits this season . . . nightclubs have Woody Allen . . . the brightest talent on the cerebral comedy scene since Mort Sahl's ascendency."

Further, even more tangible rewards came to Allen in 1983-64. During the season he made nightclub stops in San Francisco, Chicago, Washington, plus appearances in New York's Blue Angel, and a return trip to The Bitter End Cafe in Greenwich Village, a no booze bistrowhich helped to launch Allen as well as some other hot young talents i.e., Peter, Paul and Mary. In addition, Allen has been a frequent guest on Johnny Carson's Tonight Show, and has given many concerts at colleges across the country. (Turn over)



"I feel I'm sophisticated, debonair, devilishly handsome, possessed of a sharp wit . . . in short, sort of an Intellectual Cary Grant!"



"I bought a dog from a 'Damaged Pets' shop. He stutters . . . and every time he goes B . . . B . . . B . . . Bow Wow, cats laugh at him!"



"I like to tinker around the ship . . ."

In truth, Allen's saga sounds like an overnight rags-to-riches story, but in truth it is nothing of the kind. A native New Yorker, he was already writing for radio and television at 17. and from that precocious teen-age start he proceeded to write comedy for the likes of Art Carney, Peter Lind Hayes, Hermione Gingold. Herb Shriner, Garry Moore and Sid Caesar, winning a Sylvania award for his Caesarian operations. [Ed. note: we have shot the author for this inoperative pun.] His decision to drop his full-time writing career he still writes for TV and night club acts - was prompted primarily by a feeling that in patterning his humor after some other comic's personality. he wasn't saying what he wanted.

For instance, Allen describes how he was fired from the "Garry Moore Show" because some of his lines were considered objectionable: "... I'd hand in sketches and they d say: "We don't want to mention Khrushchev's name because he's the leader of the slave world." They preferred to do sketches where Carol Burnett falls

down." Burnett's pratfalls are funny, Allen concedes, but "so were the things I wanted to do." As a performer, Allen is able to say exactly what he wants to hear himself saying. No moralizing, if you will, but he is willing to translate his non-solicited message for mankind in these ironic terms: "There is no God. Man is doomed. Life is meaningless. We are all hovering on the brink of an eternal abyss, so you might just as well come to see me and laugh it up because it's either that or playing around with the Sisyphus Stone." By now you have no doubt gathered that Allen is highly capable of utilizing a classical allusion or two, but this explanation of what he's saying these days - despite its burden of false lightheadedness - is about as intellectual as Allen cares to get about comedy and his role in it. In this respect, at least, he is certainly and blessedly — unique.

Allen not only refuses to play pundit about the subject of humor — "I try to be as funny as I can as often as I can and I try not to think about it much" — he even eschews

the usual kiss of affection for comedians as a race apart and for certain folk heroes in particular — "I feel too many comedians have been discovered who might better have been left mercifully to hawk mutual funds." What he will talk about, and gladly, are the funny things that have happened to him on the way from the womb.

Without doubt, he is today the world's leading authority on Woody Allen, and he glories in the role: "There are some subjects I never tire of talking about. Myself is one of them." Allen's modus operandi when dealing with his favorite subject is to weave a comedy fabric from equal parts of irreverent self-castigation ("I'm bitter against my parents because they had me") and zany nonsense patter ("Other people lose buttons - I lose buttonholes"), the two being bound together by strands of bravely irrational psychiatric patter ("I saw a man with an ear ring . . . I get emotionally involved easily -I'm a latent heterosexual").

Although he doesn't usually use politics as a frame of reference for his personal odyssey into nonsense-land his stream of self-consciousness is oft-times charted along some familiar routes for current American comedy - i.e., Madison Avenue, civil defense. the tensions of modern marriage, our electronic culture. Allen's treatment of these phenomena is a highly personalized one: he is given to fantasies in which he cannot help but lose, thereby endearing himself to his audience. People, let us not forget, love to see or hear about funny things happening to other people. Al Capp, in a fine essay about Charlie Chaplin, once pointed out that "for all his dazzling succession of gags, characters, and situations, Charlie Chaplin told again and again, with infinite variation, one story - the story of man's inhumanity to man. And that is a very funny story." Woody Allen's best efforts deal with man's - or in some instances machines' - inhumanity to Woody Allen.

Consider, if you will, Woody Allen vs. the Electronic Age: He enters a self-service elevator and finds there are no buttons to push. Instead a voice asks "Floor, please?"—throwing Allen into a slight fit of paranoia (turn to page 35).



















EWHURST

... A BACKDROP FOR SOME OF THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTI-FUL FIGURES . . .

We are not kidding when we say that even glamour photographers have their problems. Don't misunderstand, we don't mean to imply that working with, and taking pictures of beautiful girls is anything but pleasant,







however, when he is confined to one studio or one location, a photog can become a little stoic in his approach. If not careful, all his pictures will take on a similarity which, if left uncorrected, can become a damaging factor in his work. (Turn over)



ABOVE: This 18th Century manor house is set on three acres of beautifully landscaped grounds, offering a magnificent selection of settings for background variations.



ABOVE: The gardens, a main attraction of the estate, are tended by Mrs. Clifford. They must be cared for regularly regardless of nude girls running around. Well, we suppose you can get immune to this sort of thing. BELOW. Part of the charm of Ewhurst is the variety available. This is a view looking at the side patio of the main house.



Probably every photographer, no matter what his specialty, has wished at one time or another for change of scenery. Any shutter mechanic worth his salt is on the lookout for new locales, new backgrounds, and interesting natural sites. Due to the nature of the work, this problem is manifold in the case of glamour photographers. You can't very well undress a girl and start shooting pictures in the middle of Central Park without at least attracting some attention. Editor's Note: this somehow appears to be an understatement. But London lensmen are indeed fortunate. Mrs. Doris Clifford-of Elstree a village a few miles beyond London's northernmost suburbs-has supplied the answer.

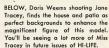
For a very nominal fee any photographer—amateur or professional—can have at his disposal her beautiful 18th Century manor house and its surrounding three acres of landscaped gardens.

This all began quite by chance.
Mrs. Clifjord's husband, a
succater manufacturer, was having some advertising photos made
and invited the photographer taking them to use the house as a
site. The lensman accepted and
was so impressed, he asked to use
the manor several times thereafter.

I wasn't long before word of Ewhurst spread locally, and the Cliffords were flooded with calls from cameramen requesting location privileges. As a result, Mrs. Clifford came up with the idea of charging a reasonable fee and opened the house to all cameramen. Things have been swinging ever since.

bout an hour by car from the center of London, the estate can also be easily reached by train. All the top London glamour photographers now seek out the use of Ewhurst, and one or two visiting U. S. photographers have found their way there; among them Earl Leaf and Irv Carsten. Amateurs too, find its informal relaxed atmosphere conducive to good pictures. The candid shots on these, pages were taken by Ed Alexander during actual shootings and we think attest to the fact that Ewhurst is truly a lensman's dream come true.















ABOVE (Top three) Ken Williams works with Angela Jones. The surrounding gardens make a lovely setting for color pics, and Ken uses them to their best advantage. During lall in shooting the chats with Angela in front of the main entrance. BELOW, Williams uses the baronial splendor of the main house furnishings to frame his dark-haired model. Left, is what is known as a "break-in-the-crow". He gets around, doesn't he?











ABOVE & RIGHT: Using the same model (Angela Jones), Ken Williams makes full use of the various settings to be found, in order to create as many moods as he can. The grounds and buildings seem to generate a multitude of ideas. Even the models themselves, also tired of the restrictions of studio shooting, appear to be able to drow new inspiration from the surroundings.









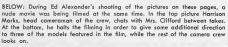
ABOVE: Ken Williams, this time with a different model, discusses with her the use of two widely different props, a wrought fron fence and a gnarled tree trunk. Working the prop in as an integral part of the picture is, in many cases, what distinguishes the pros from the amatuers.





ABOVE: Right; Doris Weems has chosen a section of the walkway as a good angle shot of Jane Tracey, and our photographer, Ed Alexander uses even a different angle by shooting the scene from a second story window. Left: Framed in the doorway of this beautiful home, Jane makes as pretty a picture as you could ask for.













ABOVE: In typical English fashion, everything stops at tea time. Mrs. Clifford, ever the perfect hostess, serves tea to all the lensmen and their models. This delightful addition is included in the original rental fee paid by the cameramen.



Nights on the Wile



ROMANCE An ORIGINALS first exclusive with usl Our surprise version of Cleo-patra's temptatious fa-

TWISTER TEASER

patra's temptatious fa-vorite for sleeping. A mere breeze in ORIG-INALS exquisitely fine nylon! The eye-opening slath can be worn on either side. Loce trimmed with rich satin bows as shoulder and side hies. The steek panty to match has elasti-cized waist and leg bands. Choose several: Moon Shadows Black, Homes Med, Temple White, Sizes: S-Mt. 18. No oso

Originals' Special Price \$4.95



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lace crotch in place.
Black only, S – M – L.
Only \$2.98





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The blues are back again. The simple old songs of rural Negroes are enjoying their biggest vague in twenty years. Songs of sweat and sorrow are being recorded by the hundreds Old-lime performers — until recently unknown outside their home locales — are now appearing, in growing numbers, before large city audiences as far from home as Paris.

The blues have many faces. However, we are not talking about hot and swinging big-band music. . . or a composer, Harold Atlen, being "Happy With The Blues" . . . or an oppose to a compose a compose a compose to a Right to Sing the Blues. "The blues we're talking about are a little closer to the heart. They're the old blues . . . the real blues! They're the language of trouble . . . an attempt to speak to music.

This blues revival is forming a common meeting ground between the lovers of lazz and the lovers of folk mucic. To a hard-core and deficiented group of musicians, researchers, record collectors and just plain music lovers, the revival is gratifying but still far from giving folk blues the place in popular art that they deserve. To them, the comeback of the blues is no surprise. "Man, the blues never went away," sory one musician.

Asked what was behind the blues revival, Robert G. Koester, a Chicago record dealer, recording official and popularizer of the old style music, advanced four

The infectiousness of the music itself, with a jazz beat and a lilting swing.

The jazz fans, weary with their battles and debates over schools and styles, find a common interest in the roots of jazz as exemplified by the blues.

The young generation, reared on rock 'n' roll, is looking for something familiar but more meaningful. With country blues at the core of rock 'n' roll, the evolution of interest is inevitable.

On mores is merunale.

The city folk-music revival of the last eight years has focused attention on the blues as folk song with styles worth study, emulation and popularization.

Several task-makers in the recording industry are playing hunches that the next

Several taste-makers in the recording industry are playing hunches that the next popular music craze will be oriented heavily towards the folk blues. They feel, as does Maynard Solomon of Vanguard Records, that the rock 'n' roll and gospel vagues have primed an interest in the real blues.

Mayhda Saoman or ranguara records, man me rock.

The revival is gathering momentum. Ray Charles, who uses both blues and gospel materials, has become an internationally renowned entertainer, uniting tastes of several disparate camps. Many pop singers have scored successes with offshoots of the old blues — Andy Williams, Peggy Lee, Tony Benneth, Aretha Tranklia are a few "Trouble in Mind," a folk-like blues, has been a hit for four different artists over the last two years. Ironically, the song's composer, Richard M. Jones, died in obscurity in 1945.

in 1943.
"Walk Right In" walked right to the top of the "charts" on a recording by the.

Rooftop Singers. Few of the teen-ogers who whistled the song knew it had been

(furn to page ss)



icle / ROBERT SHELTON

Editor's Choice

THE COMIC ST

ILLUSTRATION BY MORT GERBERG

SPECIAL EDITION

COLD WAR WON EVERY DAY IN COMICS

IN A COLUMN written during the spring of 1958, James Reston, who is your man in Washington if you happen to be a regular reader of the New York Times, noted that we—or rather, We—are winning the Cold

War every day in the comics if not in what we presume is reality. Reston cited the aggressive activities of Major Terry Lee (USAF) of Terry and the Pirates on our Artic frontier, Smilin' Jack in Russia, Winnie Winkle in Iran, and Little Orphan Annie on the home



RIP COLD WAR

CARTOONIST'S PEN CALLED MIGHTIER THAN SWORD

AUGUST 1964

ARTICLE BY BOB ABEL

front. In Daddy Warbucks, Reston pointed out with tongue-in-cheek faith, the Free World has a man with an antidote to foreign ICBMs—he blows them up with a secret weapon all his own. At that time, however, Daddy hadn't seen fit to share his secret with the rest of us, and we were left to rely pretty

much on the Strategic Air Command and what is politely known as the Balance of Terror. If Reston had been following the funnies lately, he'd have found that Comic strip heroes have stepped up their participation in the Cold War. Almost exactly six years after Reston's whimsical (turn over)





"This is a stickup!"

column appeared, the same quartet of characters were still at it: Terry Lee could be congratulated on having foiled a Communist attempt to throw an American plane off course over the narrow air corridor between Berlin and West Germany; Smilin' Jack, who seldom smiles any more, was defending our space program against Red espionage efforts: Winnie Winkle had just returned from Russia. where she beat trumped-up spy charges by fashioning such a chic costume for her trial that she won brayos instead of brickbats from the Russian courtroom. And Little Orphan Annie? Well, as it happens, Daddy Warbucks has just exploded another H-Bomb with another secret weapon. But still he persists in restricting all secret weapons to his private arsenal. Only thing a rugged individualist can do these days, what with that "radical" government of ours in Washington.

This foursome, mind you, make up but a partial list of the commandos on the comics page. Joe Palooka, retired from the prize ring but still looking the trim and fit Heavyweight Champion of the World (thirty-one years he reigned. Joe did), took time out from his domestic affairs to help rescue a distinguished U.S. scientist from Communist agents in Austria. Captain Easy became embroiled with a cute trick named Eva who happens to be working for Our Side despite her Iron Curtain connections. Thorn McBride, a new entry in the comics field, has been battling both "fuzzyminded" pacifists and certain aliens who, unlike Captain Easy's Eva, arc working for the Communists. Another Navy hero, Commander Buz Sawyer, was sent by creator Roy Crane on a mission against the international dope trade-or, to quote the strip itself-"the sinister machinations of a World Power." Sawyer's only rival in his diligent derring-do against the International Communist Conspiracy is Milton Caniff's Steve Canyon, who started fighting the Reds in 1947 and who at any given time may be found trouble-shooting in the Middle East, on maneuvers in the Gulf of Mexico, operating as an intelligence agent in a troubled Latin American country or -a recent task-lecturing peace

marchers near an air force base. The daily adventures of these

newsprint heroes are followed by an audience which staggers the imagination. It is estimated that upwards of eighty-five per cent of the people who buy newspapers in this country read all or part of the comics page. Since some newspapers are read by two or more persons, the total audience for comics in the United States is around one hundred million. A strip like Buz Sawyer, appearing in 557 U.S. newspapers and in twenty-two other countries as well, or Steve Canyon, which appears in seventeen foreign countries and in 625 papers at home, reaches an audience of around thirty million daily. Very few TV programs do as well once a week, much less seven times a week.

Given this vast audience for what are presumed to be artless entertainment features, the question must arise as to whether the comics are really so artless after all. If fifty thousand readers cared enough about Little Orphan Annic some years back to barrage the Chicago Tribunc with letters demanding that the paper restore the homeless tyke to the comics page, there is nothing funny about the powers of the "funnies" to elicit response. When Dagwood and Blondie couldn't decide on a name for their second child, half a million suggestions poured in. Al Capp offered a prize for the best sketch of Lena the Hyena's face (which was appearing with a "Deleted by Editor" sign over it) and one million artists-in-residence vied with each other in a brilliant display of morbid imaginations. Quite obviously the comic strip is meaningful to its readers, who identify with and react to the pen-and-ink personalities in their daily lives. And this subconscious rapport leaves the reader open to a kind of subliminal persuasion, since he or she has no idea that there may be more than meets the eye on the typical comics page.

Occasionally a journal with liberal leanings will complain about politics in the comics, but the audience reached by this journal is generally not too comics-conscious to begin with. Although the tirades directed at crime and violence in comic books around a decade ago had little if anything to do with comic strips, the only substantial wave of criticism ever directed at comic strips did have to do with violence of a sort. This happened, however, half a century ago.

During the first decade of their development, the comics had a kind of back-alley flavor that offended the guardians of our national sensitivities. Since they hadn't really begun to entrench themselves in the minds and hearts of Americans, comic strips might well have been driven out of existence had not the far more dramatic concern with the nation's alcoholic content commanded vigilante attention at the time. Since then the medium has grown in uninhibited fashion - much like an amoeba reproducing itself-until today, for the average American, the comics have always been there as part of his leisure life.

By the time this country entered World War II, a few strips, most notably Terry and the Pirates, were already concerned with the war against the Axis powers. Then Superman, along with other eligible comic heroes (over eighteen and in reasonably good health) began fighting the common enemy. This widespread participation of comic strip characters in the war effort (Freckles and Little Mary Mixup, too young to hear arms, helped on the home front) was an indication of just how seriously America now took its comic strips. During the first war, it hadn't mattered to readers that the comics didn't reflect the actual world, but by the 1940s the world of the comic strip family was very much identifiable with the world of the average American family. Blondie was the American woman, and Dagwood was the product of her triumph in the war between the sexes. (Dagwood, it should be noted, didn't go off to war. but he would probably have been 4-IF anyway.)

While the war ended in 1945 for all of us, the hostilities have never ceased for some comic strip heroes. No matter how pianissimo the tempo of world tensions, a certain few comic strip characters continue to fight the good fight, thereby reassuring the republic that it remains as inviolate as ever. One of the greatest dangers in such militancy is that the creators of these strips ofttimes describe identifiable national and world problems in serious terms and then proceed to settle those problems with a fanciful use of literary license. Straw soldiers always topple easily, but we are not dealing with straw soldiers in our (turn over)

very real, yet very unofficial, war with Communism.

Months before we actually sent Aunerican troops to Vietnam, Roy Crane sent Commander Buz Sawyer to a remote corner of Southeast Asia to "study Communist tactics." Disguised as a crop-duster, Sawyer was soon marshalling the South Vietnam-cese to fight Red guerrillas from North Vietnam. Crane believes that comics such as his have made an impact on millions of readers who normally do not read foreign news or the editorial page. "We simply dramatize the news of the day." he explains.

One may at least wonder if such d'iramatizations," complete with assured victories and replete with fantastic resolutions of continued international crises, do not foster a view of peace as an impossible state of affairs. At a time when the choice is between co-existence or co-nonexistnce, should the comics attempt to offer their readers constant hostility toward the Communist world? Or can we afford to have a Radical Right in the comic strips, armed with Jeffersonian adages and plans for preventive war?

Lest the basic premise seem completely specious at this point, let us recognize that our armed forces already utilize the comics to promulgate their ends. Writing about Steve Canvon, Air Force General Nathan Twining, former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, said in part: "Steve has a way of putting over an idea which our best orientation officers envy. But more important, Steve's occasional lectures put the Air Force's aims and problems and ideals before thirty million American citizens who follow him in the papers . . . I know of no way to tell so many people so much about us, and what we are and why we are."

The "occasional lectures" referred to by General Twining can be exceedingly militant. In one 1960 sequence, after Canyon learns that the "RX-71 program" has been cut back to save funds, he waspishly comments: "I guess it won't really matter! If the Russians send a few Roman candles at us some cloudy night . . . welf make a formal protest in the United Nations the next day—if we can only find the pieces of the building!"

Canyon did not get his "RX-71"

then, but last June the U.S. Senate voted 74-13 to approve an extra \$320,000,000—an appropriation strongly opposed by the Administration—for development of the Air Force's RS-70 reconnaissance-strike bomber. Without making any assumptions about the reading habits of Congressmen, therefore, it's easy to see what General Twining meant and why the Air Force assigns a press officer to help Milt Caniff with his strip.

The Air Force has a second drumbetter in Major Terrence Lee, George Wunder, who took over Terry and the Firstes when Caniff left it to start Seteve Canyon, makes no secret of his partisanship. A former Air Force officer himself, Wunder has been candid in describing this part of the strip's function: "Unavoidably, Terry's adventures are propagand for air power and preparedness. But these are things I believe in strongly. We reach an audience of young men who need to get the message, too." Commenting on an episode in which

he criticized, quite overtly, a Congressional investigation of waste in the services, Wunder conceded that he had "some quaims" about the episode because of its political aspects, but decided in favor of it because "the subject is timely in an election year when people are concerned about defense."

Similarly, Roy Crane in his Buz Sawyer strip has backed Naval campaigns for more funds for anti-submarine warfare. In the strip, Sawyer took on a Soviet nuclear submarine which had been nestling off our shores. Sawyer and the U.S. Navy refrain from sinking the sub, instead paint "Bang, you're dead!" on its side (Americans, remember, are a "fun people") which gets the Soviet submarine commander into considerable hot water when he returns to his usually frigid native shores. Again. while no causal relationship should be inferred from these coincidences, Congress did vote extra money for anti-submarine warfare programs a few months later.

Crane, in preparing this sequence, actually went to sea for two weeks with an anti-sub group called Task Force Alfa. Buz Sawyer's activities in South Vietnam were inspired by talks Crane had with a Vice Admiral he met when he was touring the Pacific in 1961, courtesy of the U.S. Navy, in search of story ideas. When

Sawyer almost left the service a few years back because Crane was running short of ideas, the Navy put out a call to officers all over the globe for ideas and encouraged a stream of "voluntary" letters from men down through the ranks. "I had to leave Buz in the Navy." Crane revealed later. "The gist of all these letters was that my strip gave the Navy prestige and made the public appreciate its work in the cold war."

But what price this glory, if it involves such deliberate propagandizing and politicking before an audience which, looking only for entertainment, is unaware that it is getting some private gospel as well? And even if the motivation behind these preachments can somehow be excused—or condoned—on grounds of freedom of speech, there is no pardoning the poor performance of some strips fighting the Cold War.

Take Smilin' Jack, for instance. Zach Mosley last year offered us an episode involving a spy named "Red Nose" (an awful pun) and a busty blonde spy-ess named Tish, whose chief ploy seemed to be kissing a pilot violently and then panting, "What's the secret of controlling those guided shots at 400 m.p.h.?" However, don't think poorly of Tish, because she is actually a counter-spy who really has the hots for a U.S. test pilot named Lefty. When she learns that "th' Reds do plan to sabotage th' 'Way-Out' project" via a Red sub equipped with a "mysterious 'ghost beam,'" she phones Smilin' Jack, who promptly foils that scheme.

The Reds then use their "Cosmic Debris Cloud" to foul up the works, but this machination is also thwarted and Lefty and Tish end up in a close clinch. "Oh, Lefty, I'm so proud of you-th' news has just flashedyou're th' most important person in the world today," gurgles Tish as she kisses her hero. Lefty, a regular gallant in addition to being a hot test pilot, replies: "No, Tish honey-you are th' most important-if you hadn't uncovered th' Reds' plot, the project would have failed! You should get world acclaim." Tish acknowledges this, but demurs: "Thanks! But th' wheels say I'm too valuable as a counter-spy. I must stay anonymous!"

Aside from the use of "th'" as a speech substitute for that much longer article, "the," this strip can only (continued on page 42)

Ann Austin



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The classic, sculptured features of Ann Austin are enough to brighten any editor's day. Choosing Ann for the cover of this issue was by the unanimous acclaim of the whole staff. This blue-eved, auburn-haired lovely is one of the most attractive women we've seen . . . bar none. Looking at her, one can't help thinking that her face should be adorning the leading women's high-fashion magazines. Asked if she had ever done this type of modeling, she said, "Actually I'm too heavy . . . as you know, most highfashion models have a half-starved look (I think most of them are) and I refuse to diet to such extremes. I think it's ridiculous-I mean that fashion designers shape their clothes around girls who are abnormally thin. Most women aren't built this way, and besides. I don't think men want a girl who looks as though she'll break if touched." Needless to say, we agree completely. Ann, a native Londoner, has fallen in love with this country and is planning to return shortly, "I especially like American men . . . they are so much friendlier than in other countries . . . or maybe I don't mean friendlier . . . I like a man who is possessive, and American men make a girl feel as though she's the most important single thing in their lives at the moment." Currently dating the field, Ann is not looking for Mr. Right. Says she, "of course I want to get married sometime, but at this time the idea seems like a bore. I'm only twentytwo and I want to look around a bit more before I pick my man," Well, she may be right, but for something far and away from boring, turn over.



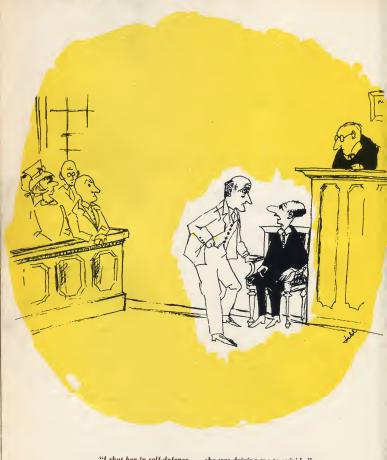








AUGUST MISS HI-LIFE



"I shot her in self-defense . . . she was driving me to suicide."

HILIFE PROFILE WOODY ALLEN(Continued from page 14)

since he has a slight New York accent and "the elevator speaks very well." Why such trauma? "I can't get involved with mechanical things." Allen confides to his audience. Nor they with him: "I have a Faseist Waring Blendor . . . my toaster throws burnt toast at me . . . I hate my shower (it hated me first) . . . if I'm taking a shower and someone in America uses their water — that's it, boy — a restreak down my back! And my tape recorder keeps saying, 'I know! I know!' I'

Allen, let it be understood, is not one to take his punishment lying down: "I called a meeting of all my possessions. I served food . . . I cajoled . . . I flattered . . . all to put them at their ease." This peace parley kept things running smoothly for a while, Allen recalls, until the night when he was watching TV - "Dr. Joyce Brothers was explaining how it's possible for a Bronx housewife's daughter to get pregnant by joining the Peace Corps" - and the set began jumping up and down. "I asked it to please stop," he says mournfully, but the set ignored him. Finally his patience just evaporated in a puff of anger: "I attacked the TV set . . . and beat it up." He even feels good about such uncharacteristic mayben, but the very next time he enters a self-service elevator, it is again one without buttons and the voice asks: "Are you the guy who hit the television set?" Allen doesn't deign to reply to the elevator, but it knows: "It began jumping up and down and then it threw me out in the lobby . . . and screamed something anti-Semitic at me."

Allen, who is Jewish in real life as well as in fantasy, will on occasion turn to religion for some comedy relief: "My parents used to be Orthodox Jewish, but now there's a Reformed temple in their neighborhood . . . made out of chromium . . . and furnished with 'Danish modern' . . . they've made it very simple - you can drive in . . . or pray by mail." He himself has a dream wherein a voice tells him to build a Noah's ark and "get two of everything in it." When he awakes, he rushes out to the nearest lumber vard - the voice had said: "Lay out for the lumber and we'll pay you back" — and buys lumber for the ark. He returns home, but his mother (who, he assures us, is "an exact replica of Groucho Marx") won't let him build the ark until he puts down paper. Still, he endures, and builds the ark as instructed — "but I was never much good in Shop and it turned out to be a tie rack."

Allen, it should be manifestly clear by now, will go to considerable lengths to poke fun at himself, and the only limitations he concedes in doing so are those of his own first-rate intelligence and imagination. He has nothing to prove beyond the humor of his human dilemma, and makes no pretense at educating or edifying his audience. Certain overtones of social comment are implicit in confessions such as the man vs. machine misadventure, but Allen's humor is structured strictly toward laughter. If commentary sneaks in on occasion, it is simply because he inhabits the same mad world that we do.

As an illustration of this single-purposedness, there is a story Allen tells that could, if he so desired, hammer at the excesses of fallout shelteritis. However, he remains true to his own muse, which is more gentle than proselvtizing. What could become Kafkaesque in intensity becomes far more palatable as sheer humorous babble: "I used to be married . . . my wife and I joined a civil defense group in an effort to save our marriage . . . when they wanted to know how a married couple would react if they were forced to stay in a shelter for more than two weeks, she volunteered us. We went inside the shelter on a Monday morning . . . she got on my nerves by noon. Tuesday we shrieked at each other. Wednesday we played dominoes, and she came at me with an axe. Thursday she started laughing, and laughed straight through the following Wednesday. When we got out, I had to put her in a home for the utterly strange,'

The real humor of this story, of course, is in the telling — as Allen builds a pyramid of nonsense on a foundation of reality. The comedian maintains that everything he chatters about has really happened to him in one form or another, and often beneath the tall tales of Allen in Wonderland one does detect the hard glint of personal experience. But his frame





of reference is not always geocentric.
His college days are behind him —
Allen flunked out of N.Y.U. after
one year — but he recalls with affection, and perhaps a dash of post-pubertal lust, a girl friend whose favorite form of recreation was "listening
to Marcel Marceau L.Ps" and one
her friends, "an authentic, ethnic folk
singer who still had his leg shackle
on." The young lady came to a sad
end — being "run over by a Freedom
(Turn over)





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Bus." But Allen had a number of other exotic friends he still sees: "I know an N.Y.U. grad who's now a junkie. He's living with a girl — as junkie and junket. They're going to get married soon and, for a wedding present, I'm going to give them a sixteen-piece starter set of silverware — all spoons."

Of course Allen's wry recollections of other people's foibles, even at their lengthiest, are but temporary detours from his own dark narrative. He had hoped to be a Negro jazz musician when he grew up, he confesses, but became disillusioned when he learned the cruel truth about jazz: "It's not a native art form, after all. When the slaves came over, they brought their record collections along . . . and they say it's improvised!" Allen once went out to Hollywood - "I was answering an ad for a part-time director for Ben Hur" - but that didn't work out, so he answered another ad, this one "placed by somone who wanted to make a musical out of the Dewey decimal system." He's done a number of things, has Woody Allen - all unsuccessfully. I daresay he'd find it extremely depressing if it were otherwise.

For that matter, Allen's decision we are speaking of Allen's non-fantasy life here - to switch from writer to writer-performer was actually based in part on a belief that it helps somehow to talk about the outrages of everyday existence, at least his everyday existence. As he has explained it: "In comedy I feel completely at ease, If I got beaten up by a bunch of hoodlums, three weeks later I think I could describe it to an audience and make it funny." Suffice to say that this is a tough way to gather material, and Allen is probably out looking for a bunch of hoodlums right now.

Since he's given to polemies neither about consely nor in his own comedy. Allen doesn't discuss his own individuality as a comedian anymore than he will the work of another comic. Yet it is readily apparent that he regards himself as he feet, six inches of finely honed individuality. If he has cast himself in an image of ineptitude, it is an image for which he is eminently qualified and Allen gets bugged when people, including writer people, feel compelled to describe him in terms of other comics.

Variety, for one, has dubbed him the "son of Sahl," and Allen firmly kn

declines the parental ties. While it is beyond dispute that there are indeed analogies to be made between Allen's fidgety (yet unhurried) delivery and the sporadic free associations of one Morton Sahl, it seems equally clear that Allen is only doing what comes most naturally to him. He utilizes psychiatric jargon for more oddbockish humor than Sahl does, and his only rationale for using it at all is that he has "had some funny experiences with it." The one thing he can't account for - at least to my satisfaction - is his appearance, which has been likened to that of Arnold Stang, Wally Cox, Alec Guinness and Peter Sellers, among others. A bit weary, even at this early juncture, of looking like other people, Allen is not beyond a mild outburst of un-Allen-like waspishness when asked whom he really looks like: "I resemble Guinness when I remove my glasses and he abandons his talent. I resemble Sellers in some of his character roles. Cox, I think, I could beat up in a physical showdown, but I'd hate to have to prove it."

Allen, then, is something of an anomaly. He has become a winner posing as a loser.

I submit, therefore, that we'd all feel more comfortable with Allen up there on stage, perpetuating his losing streak. He sees this "real succulent" nude painting, see, and it rouses all the red corpuscles in him, inspiring him to mention that "Anita Ekberg was transported to this country and assembled piece by piece." What's more, he can't get this painting out of his mind, so he decides to get a nude model of his own: "I called one up . . . to impress her, I came on strong over the phone. I used 'inside' terms you know, like 'brush' and 'easel.'" When the model arrives, Allen decides to "be direct." "Take off your clothes," he orders. Wonder of wonders, she does just that. He is equally responsive: "I began to perspire audibly." The model, all business, assumes a pose - "she stood there doing an undressed-type thing" - and Allen does his best to act the professional: "I took my paper and pencil and went to work . . . but I got into a little trouble because I tried to trace her. She gave me one of the great fat lips of Western Man."

Ah, that's the Woody Allen we know and laugh at!



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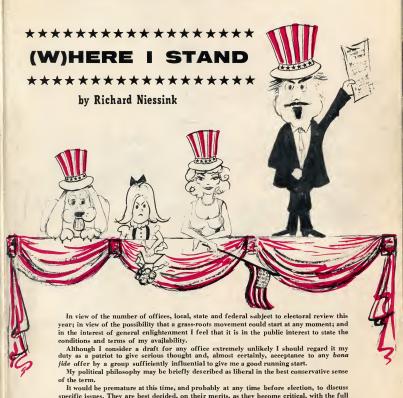
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perspective and evaluation which can best be brought to bear only by the right man in

(continued on page 56)



"Nice try, but somehow it isn't the real thing."



IF WE'RE NOT DIVORCED BY THEN, LET'S GO

AWAY FOR

THE WEEKEND

By MIM

IN THE BEGINNING, THERE WAS PSYCHOLOGY:

"It's your god-damned death urge!"

"It's your god-damned male ego!"

A LOT OF IT:

"You don't love him—but you'll do anything to destroy us!"

"You hate me—but you can't stand my independence!"

THERE WAS INNOCENCE.

"But what went wrong?"

"But how did it happen?"

WONDER.

"Once we cared, you know."

"Once we married, I mean."

LIGHT.

"Why didn't it work?"

"Because we married?"

DOUBT.

"For others it works."

"It never works"

DISILLUSIONMENT,

"You were mine, but you changed—I hardly know you."

"As a husband, you failed—don't let it throw you."

CYNICISM,

"You and your thing about sensitivity!"

"You and your thing about honesty!"

BITTERNESS,

"Ah, you cry-therefore you suffer."

"Ah, you talk—therefore you exist."

AND MARTYRDOM:

"I really tried."

"I really cried."

(turn over)

THEN THERE WERE DIFFERENCES OF OPINION:

"I exist-therefore I should," said he.

"I exist-therefore you shouldn't," said she.

THERE WAS CONCERN FOR THE FUTURE. "Where will you go? With whom?"

"What do you care? With Joe."

OUTRAGE.

"I'll kill him! How could you?" "He'll make me happy! Would you?"

RECRETS.

"Five years in vain."

"My youth down the drain."

REMORSE.

"It should have been better." "It couldn't have been worse,"

COFFEE.

"Ouch-it's hot."

"Sorry-have some more pie."

SILENCE,

"Hm . . . hm hm!" "Oh . . . oh . . . oh!"

FLYING SAUCERS.

"It's all your fault! Geez-you cut my lip," "It's all your fault! Please-vou broke the

lamp. PERSPECTIVE.

"This will never do-now let's be civilized."

"Immaturity will ruin you-now try to be wise."

NOSTALGIA.

"You were always a good cook."

"You were always a good provider."

FINANCIAL CONSIDERATIONS.

"Alimony?"

"Certainly!" SELF-PITY.

"Why can't he support you? The cad!" "He will! But alimony's not bad."

NEEDLING,

"Well, he'll never marry you, not he!"

"Who wants to re-marry? Not me!"

TRIUMPH. "Hah! I knew!"

"So what? You're through."

CHALLENGE.

"Why him?"

"Why them?"

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"They were all professionals-that's different."

"He loves me-that's different."

ACCUSATIONS,

"I had to travel for the company-I thought I could leave you alone."

"At first, I only wanted his company-how could you leave me alone?"

SELF-DEFENSE.

"If sometimes I deceived you, it was always out-of-town."

"I didnt' go out looking for him-he was just around.

RECRIMINATIONS.

"If you valued our marriage, you'd forget

"If you valued our marriage, I'd never have let him." MORE COFFEE.

"But so many others are making it, playing it cool." "The others who are faking it, whom can they

fool?"

NEW IMAGES.

"We'll meet for lunch now and then." "We'll learn to respect each other again."

AND EXHAUSTION:

"It's probably my fault. I'm sorry."

"It's probably my fault, I'm sorry."

AND YET, ALONG WITH RETROSPECTION, "Was it always hell?"

"Oh . . . well . . ."

THERE WAS, ALONG WITH INTROSPECTION, "I shouldn't have traveled so much-I always

missed you." "I always missed you-I should have gone

with you."

DESIRE:

"Ah, why this curse? It'll never be the same with any other.'

"You were the first . . . he just reminded me of my father.'

AND, OF COURSE,

"If I made you pregnant, we'd remain man and wife . .

"That's what sex is for, taking the decisions out of life . . .

THERE WAS SOPHISTICATION:

". . . for a while."

". . . for a while."







THE BODY Magnificent June Palmer undraped in a spectacular hi-life pictorial







It isn't often that our somewhat jaded glamour photographers get carried away over a gal and her figure, but such was the case with London-based Russel Gay when he saw June Palmer. We first heard of "The Body" from Gay's New York representative. He called to tell us that he had just received a letter and that Gav must have flipped. He said the letter "raved" on about some girl and her . . . "fantastically beautiful body." Our normal reaction to a plug like this would be ---"Yeah, we've heard that before."-some of these photographers would try to sell King Kong as the girl next door-but beautiful girls are Gay's stock-in-trade, and since he is a wellknown, respected figure photographer, he doesn't have to "hard-sell" his pictures. It was unusual then, for him to really "build-up a build." He said that he had taken test shots and was so impressed he just sent the final pictures, as he believed that there would be no question of approval. How right he was!







The pictures arrived at the reps office a few days later, and he again called, this time to rave himself . . . "Honest, I've never seen a figure like this. This gal's got a body that just won't stop. You've got to see these shots . . . they're really something . . . they're . . ." "Well dammit, man, don't sit there telling us about them . . . bring them over and make us happy too," we interrupted. It isn't that we don't enjoy the female form posed and undraped as well as the next guy, but when you spend a good portion of every day looking at picture sets of nude and semi-nude girls, you can-believe it or not-get a little blase. But when the June Palmer set was brought in, forget it, everybody stopped. The word for the day was "WOW!". Even our art director-the guy who spends the most time looking at picturesreacted somewhat out of the ordinary . . . not that he was impressed . . . he just stood around biting his nails. You may not be affected quite this much, but we think the photos on these pages are anyone's eve's-delight.





























THE BODY is as bright as she is beautiful. Twentyvear-old June enjoys painting, poetry and classical records. She spends a good deal of her time reading. but her taste runs towards political and social satire. ("Of course the world is difficult to parody since it's a riot in its own right"). However, her main interest is cooking, and she spends many hours in the kitchen of her plush-but-warm London pad. She likes to entertain and claims she doesn't mind taking a whole day to prepare a dinner party for friends, ("Naturally, if I work this long in preparation. I want to be complimented on my efforts"). She's our kind of woman since she insists on keeping a well-stocked bar, with enough variety to please even the most discriminating palates. Asked about romance, June seemed hesitant to answer . . . "What else can I say except I'm playing the field right now, but like any other girl, with the right man I can be very happy." No doubt, from what we've seen, "right man" will be very happy too!











"A television survey? . . . No, man, my set's not turned on, but I am."

A GUIDE TO SELECTING A SPORTS CAR

article/BOB LAWLOR

technical | Julius Woodmere



A HI-LIFE Staff Report

Not so many years ago it was comparatively easy to identify a sportscar. All you had to look for were bucket seats, wire wheels and listen for more than the usual amount of noise. These were the characteristics that enabled even the most casual viewer to distinguish a true sports model from any other car. However, such is not the case today. Almost all major automobile manufacturers have adapted wire wheels, bucket seats, dual exhausts, etc. to one or more standard production models within their line.

These adaptations, combined with a flood of ambiguous advertising innuendoes, i.e., sport type, sportscar flair, sportscar performance, sporty, sports-like, etc., have made it increasingly difficult for a potential buyer to be certain he is selecting a true sportscar. Even the floor shift-standard in almost every sports model—has been re-adapted. amid great advertising fanfare and hurrahs, to a wide variety of compacts and standard models. If memory serves us right, it wasn't too long ago that this equipment was considered old-fashioned, and anyone who preferred same was against progress . . . or so it seemed according to the Madison

Avenue verbiage of the time. If you are considering the purchase of a sportscar, it might be wise to briefly review what this

type machine is and is not.

It is generally agreed that the English MG TC's of the late forties introduced sportscars to the American market. As their popularity grew so did the American appetite for greater variety. Today the selection has grown to at least twenty true sports models - varying in price from about \$1,800.00 for the Sprite to the \$12,000.00 range for the exquisite Ferraris. More expensive materials, handmade bodies, larger power plants, and a higher degree of craftsmanship excellence account for much of the extreme variation between the price ranges. However, while using less expensive materials in the lower priced models, the craftsmanship is surprisingly good.

DESIGN-PERFORMANCE

Unlike many Detroit production models, where design is based first on "eye-appeal", sportscar design is in direct relationship to performance.

Although certain legal requirements must be met, i.e., headlight height and sound control level. designs must allow for maximum overall peak efficiency. A quick check of any true sportscar will show this principal in practice with regard to the driver's seating arrangement and entry. He is placed in the best possible position with consideration given to his effect on the car's performance and balance. It is made certain that his comfort is such that he can operate the vehicle for long periods of time without fatigue. The net result is an extremely comfortable position once you get used to the tunneling arrangement for your feet.

This design-to-performance relationship has also dictated the choice of suspension systems-with accent on a rough firm ride giving better cornering and quick point-like steering, accompanied with a stiff quality that results in a better transmission of road conditions. Carried to its final applications this design standard has resulted in a highly developed precision machine vielding maximum performance from components used.

CHANGES-COMFORT

At one time passengers were given sparse consideration with regard to their protection from the elements. Today there is a new breed of sportscar, complete with heaters, insulation, and roll-up windows replacing the snap-on side curtains. Detroit competition has proved beneficial in forcing sportscar manufacturers to re-design some of their cars with passenger comfort more in importance than before. However, for those who still wish the bare ruggedness of the classic-type with side curtains, no heating, etc., the Morgan and Lotus 7 are fine examples. The latter of the two comes in a do-it-vourself kit. Editor's Note: Pictures of the Lotus 7 were not available at press time, but a report on this car is scheduled for a future issue.

As for multiple seating, most cars carry only two people, although some have occasional rear seats. These seats are small and usually hard on the posterior, and meant to be used for only short periods of time. There are few if any four-seat cars in the lower priced models.

(turn over)



ABOVE, TRIUMPH SPITEIRE: A new addition to the low priced sports car field, the Spitfire is offering only in the higher priced models. These features include independent supersion and twin carburetors, unproven, the car should do well in competition, and appears to be a sound selection for normal street to TRIUMPH TRI4: This is the most popular sports car in the country today. Offering speeds up to 110 cellent handling, this car is one that you'll want to race. The TR 4 does offer competition equipment. The cessful track record, the car is still offered at \$2,849. (East Coast POE).

vet W,



BELOW, THE MORGAN 4/4: An inexpensive example of the classic type sports car. Looking at of the MGTF, however, this car has more power to offer. The car is well developed and very d not changed drastically in over ten years.



MAINTENANCE

The maintenance (effort) involved in caring for a sportscar is probably the single most important factor to consider if you are planning to purchase. With the exception of those intended for racing only, most sports models require just normal maintenance. However, somewhat unfortunately, this care must be taken, and taken at times determined by the manufacturer and not at any arbitrarily chosen time convenient to your personal schedule. Unlike standard production models, maintenance cannot be delayed if you are to operate your machine at peak efficiency. The sportscar is a precision instrument getting top performance from its parts, but only if these parts are carefully watched and checked-in some cases daily. If you are the type that can maintain a rigid tune-up schedule, if you realize a sense of pride from driving a well-cared for piece of precision machinery. then most likely a sportscar is for you. To help you select the one that most closely fits your needs we have chosen seven models within the \$1,800,00 to \$3,000.00 range. All are adaptable to both town and country operation and each rates high in sheer driving enjoyment.

- 1. AUSTIN HEALEY SPRITE: Improved performance through increased engine performance is the grounie of this offering from The British Motor Corporation. It has simple, barren interiors, but is mechanically well equipped. Does well on the track, and will get up to 30M.P.G. in street operation. For the economy-minded the Sprite is still the lowest priced true sports car (less than \$2000), as well as one of the most surprising.
- 2. MGB: Far from the classic MG of the early forties, this latest version has a sleek allhoutete, increased engine power and refinements that are helping it to maintain its reputation as the world's best known sports car. A product of the British Motor Corporation, the MGB has roll up windows, hinged side vents, a wrap around windshield and wide-opening, lockable doors with outside handles. Prieced at \$2,658 (East Coast POE)
- 3. MG MIDGET: Also from the British Motor Corporation, the Midget has a larger more powerful engine. Introduced to America just three years ago, this car is continuing to win a place in the hearts of sportscar entusiants that heretofore was the exclusive province of big MR-H. are the same as the Austin Sprite, the midget offers a more plush interior. This improved version of the Midget sells for less than \$2000.
- 4. SUNBEAM ALPINE: A smooth piece of machinery, this car seems to be moving away from the sports idea and towards a more personal type of tourer. Its improved features seem to tend more in the direction of a standard production model and further apart from the true sports and is currently offered at around \$2500,















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(W)HERE I STAND

(continued from page 39)

This does not mean, however, that I shall dodge the broad principles upon which our republic stands, upon which our people wish to judge their candidates and upon which I mean to conduct my campaign, I shall discuss them fearlessly upon all occasions.

I favor the lowest possible taxes consistent with the level of government services our good citizens have come to expect.

I endorse the strictest application of the principles of efficiency and economy in government insofar as this application respects and safeguards the livelihoods and security of faithful government employees and their dependents.

I favor the most amicable possible relations with all the nations of the earth, meeting all of them in mutual confidence and trust as long as none of them are given a chance to put something over on us.

I am strongly in favor of states rights as long as they do not interfere with personal rights or the operations of federal agencies.

I am opposed to creeping socialism and limping capitalism.

I stand squarely behind the freedom of the press but feel that measures should be taken to prevent the disloval tendency of some publications to play up news which may give a bad impression of us to other nations.

My abhorrence of poverty is well known to those who have observed my quarter-century of desperate effort to avoid it.

In short, I offer not revolution but improved growth along the lines our forefathers laid with such bold vision in the magnificent twin plumb lines of the Declaration Of Independence and The Constitution Of The United States.

I am a bit shy about listing personal qualifications for public office but feel no statement would be com-

plete or useful for candidate-seekers without mention of them. For that reason I am asking my wife to insert her version of them at this point.

My Husband's Qualifications For Public Office

He has high tolerance for long and late conferences.

He has a rich baritone voice, excellent front teeth and a winning smile.

He has had years of experience with deficit financing.

He has been a devoted student of opinion polls ever since I met him and has developed an unfailing capacity for embracing their findings with fervor and conviction.

He has never been caught in a lie.

If nominated I shall campaign vigorously and fearlessly, considering no sacrifice of time, energy or fortune too great. I anticipate, to be sure, that my private economic resources will prove too slender to project the image I should like to offer the electorate. Those who wish to see me serving the republic in some capacity may expect to be called upon for small sacrifices to that end

My campaign will eschew personal attack. I shall impugn neither the principles nor the intentions of any opponent but shall, rather, concern myself with demonstrating beyond the shadow of a doubt that his misdirected zeal has amounted to a betrayal (in all innocence, to be sure) of the trust vested in him by injudicious or misled followers.

My high regard for the basic soundness of my fellow citizens and the American Way of thinking makes it imperative that I accept support from all segments of the electorate, regardless of race, color, creed or previous condition of association.

My wife, children and dogs stand ready to meet press photographers graciously at any hour, day or night.

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THE BILLES

(Continued from page 23) recorded thirty-five years earlier by a

Southern group known as Cannon's Jug Stompers on a "race" label. Small recording companies are proliferating with blues issues, reissues of both pirated and legitimate releases. Some of the major recording companies are dredging their archives for old blues masters. Even Frank Sinatra's bright and brash company, Reprise, boasts a Texas sharecropper-songster in its roster.

The current revival differs in at least two respects from earlier cycles of interest in the blues:

Firstly, the conscience of America has been stung by the integration movement in the South since 1954, As rarely before in our history, white America has been listening to what Negro America has been saving. from the pulpit, at sit-in demonstrations, in writing and in that great body of self-expression and protest - Negro folk music.

During the great awareness of the plight of the common man in the Nineteen Thirties many white intellectuals vigorously embraced the Negro subculture and all its musicalliterary outpourings. But since 1954 it has been no mere minority faction of left-oriented white sympathizers who have concerned themselves with Negro life, thought and art. Many are exposed to the Negro problem through the literary work of a James Baldwin or a Langston Hughes, in writing tempered and shaped largely for the urban intellectual. Others readily find some aspects of Negro life encapsulated in the real blues.

There, they find folk expression with all its rough edges and unsophistication, yet with a disarming forthrightness, a blistering directness. Take this blues fragment from Sleepy John Estes:

"You know, them rats is mean in my kitchen. I've ordered me a mountain cat, (twice)

You know, the way they's 'stroving my groceries, boys, I declare it's tough like that.

"You know, I've got five little children, boys, on my disability check, (three times)

You know, I got to go back and check with my worker, boys, on

account of those doggone rats." Are the rats that plagued Richard Wright's "Native Son" any more

graphically described than those of bluesman Sleepy John Estes?

A whole portrait of Negro life in America can be drawn through the lyrics of the blues. Such a portrait. admittedly dwelling on the povertystalked and seamy side, has been drawn masterfully in Blues Fell This Morning: The Meaning of the Blues by Paul Oliver (Horizon Press, New York, 1961). One doesn't know if it should be a source of wonderment or shame that this musical-sociological classic was the work of an Englishman. A record collector and writer of tremendous social insight. Oliver uses the easel of blues lyrics on which to hang a realistic and humane canvas of an oppressed people.

While the social conditions that gave rise to the blues may be changing, they still exist in the Deep South and the Northern ghettoes. Behind the beat of the blues is a message about social disorganization and suffering. Because we are no longer ignoring that message, the blues have a more urgent meaning today than they ever did

As to the second aspect of this new revival, it was once fashionable to say that the blues (some commentators included most jazz, as well) should properly be the province of only the Negro performer. Granted, no one can challenge the raw power of Blind Lemon Jefferson, Lightning Hopkins, Estes, Broonzy, Leroy Carr, Sonny Terry and others, But within the last few years several young white performers - dedicated to the letter and the spirit of the best folk blues have emerged.

Many white Southern musicians before and since Jimmie Rodgers have been attracted to the inventiveness of Negro music. An interaction has probably existed since the first slaves were brought here in 1619. The progenitor of rock 'n' roll, Elvis Presley, captured much of the frenetic thrust of the Negro country blues.

The new crop of white blues singers, however, are not heading in Presley's later direction of over-accentuation of the beat, tawdry lyrics aimed at titillating adolescents or the gyrations and sexual dance fantasies into which rock 'n' roll degenerated.

Rather, they are serious students of the blues, drawn to the genre by the music, the lyrics and the ambience of romanticism that surrounds the greatest blues singers. Possessing diction more communicative to their audiences than some of the rural dialects of Southern Negroes, the young white performers can "get through" to their listeners with less difficulty.

It is safe to predict then that, as the blues revival grows, such young bluesmen as Dave Van Ronk, Bob Dylan, Erik Darling, John Hammond (son of the recording executive), Tom Rush, Ric Von Schmidt and a few others will be enjoying a corresponding popularity. Nor is the area restricted to men; Barbara Dane and Lisa Kindred are two women with a deep affinity for the Negro idiom. (It was sarcastically remarked by one folk authority that Odetta was "among the best of the white singers of the blues field." The Negro singer has been shifting toward some of the classic blues of Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey. As the remark indicates, critics have found her approach superficial and stilted.)

Whatever impact the white city interpreters can make with the old blues traditions, it is still the Southern Negro performer who must be regarded as continuing the great tradition. Many fine old blues men have been "unearthed," "discovered" or "rediscovered" in the last four years, making one wary about the continuing slogan that "such and such is the last of the great country blues performers."

With the inroads of mass communication and the shift in cultural values of rural Negroes, there is evidence to indicate that the old country blues tradition has been ebbing. Yet one recalls the laments of the English folk-song collectors at the end of the last century who said that the rural tradition had died with the industrial revolution. The very fact of a revival of interest in folk art and folk music in a period of this country's greatest prosperity bids as much for the continuance of a country blues tradition as for the continuance of the Spanish cante hondo, the Roumanian doina and the Portuguese fado. The blues will die when personal unhappiness dies. Folk art has nothing if it has no durability. (turn page





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So, it seems, do the old-time blues men. Lightning Hopkins is in his sixties, Estes and the Rev. Gary Davis, a "holy blues" man, are probably in their seventies. Leroy Carr drank himself to death at 30 in 1935, and Big Bill Broonzy and Blind Lemon Jefferson died before their time. A particularly rugged constitution, perhaps even the outlet of song, has aided the longevity of such songsters as Furry Lewis and Mance Lipscomb and Memphis Willie B. (Borum) and Tampa Red and Lonnie Johnson and Victoria Spivey.

Thanks to the wealth of recording activity of the last three years, there is a bluesman for every taste. Robert Pete Williams, a prisoner in Louisiana, followed the Leadbelly saga by singing his way to freedom. Memphis Slim and Willie Dixon have a rollicking manner with boogie-woogie piano and bass. John Lee Hooker, with a pliantly dark voice, gives an air of unremitting somberness. Big Joe Williams works in the archaic tradition against a 9-string guitar. Estes has a crying quality in his voice that is not easily forgotten. Sam (Lightning) Hopkins has

been lionized and widely exposed to Northern audiences with success. As singer, showman and folk poet he is a giant of the old blues. In his voice, he captures a quality of tenseness and involvement that stops most listeners in their tracks. Like many of his fraternity he turns the guitar into a second voice, sometimes completing phrases with the instrument. He has a wry wit and an unerring sense of tragedy, and whichever he uses to explore the lineaments of trouble, he is an undeniably great figure among blues

With more than three hundred different L.P's of real blues available, the fan can have a turntable festival. Some performers, notably Memphis Slim and Brownie McGhee, have recorded indiscriminately, with their performances reflecting it. Some companies, Prestige's Bluesville and Folkways, have almost done the blues a disservice by issuing a flood of recordings in a short time, faster than the market could absorb them or the artists benefit by them. Still and all. a mammoth archive of blues expression has grown up.

Arhoolie is a small label put out by Chris Strachwitz of the International Blues Record Club (Box 5073. Berkeley 5, Calif.) Strachwitz is an

indefatigable hunter for new and old authentic music talent, and his long, chatty newsletters convey the zeal of the blues devotee. Another informative sheet is the mimeographed "Blues News" issued by Bob Koester of Delmar Records, 439 South Wabash, Chicago 5, Ill.

Even smaller companies are in business, mainly to enrich the field rather than their one-man managements. Origin Jazz has reissued several of the old country blues recordings of the twenties and thirties. Charlie Patton is their pride and joy. In Chicago, Pete Welding of the Down Beat staff is initiating the Testament label for some of his collection of folk blues in Chicago, J. Mayo Williams, recording director for Paramount in the twenties, has begun his own label, Ebony.

Among the larger labels, Atlantic has a distinguished selection of real blues singers, including Joe Turner, Champion Jack Dupree and many others on its excellent "Sounds of the South" series. Riverside's "Living Legend" series is mainly jazz and instrumentals, but some fine old-style blues are included. At Columbia, under the direction of John Hammond. Frank Driggs has been culling old metal parts from Columbia's Bridgeport archive. Two notable reissues have been by the country blues titan, Robert Johnson, and the great urban blues singer, Leroy Carr. Other projects at Columbia include a three-disc set of country blues, and packages of Harlem and South Side Chicago music that will include early blues. Some of the best of the early Josh White material on the Perfect, Melotone and Romeo labels are planned for reissue by Columbia.

Writing about the real blues has increased to match the new increase of interest, Besides Oliver's book, the enthusiast may want to read The Country Blues by Samuel B. Charters (Rinehart) and Jerry Silverman's music and commentary in The Folk Blues (Macmillan). Crown is scheduled to publish These Are the Blues in Spring, 1963. This work by Kay Shirley of Leeds Music and Frank Driggs of Columbia will include the music of one hundred great blues songs. Nat Hentoff's article in the first issue of Eros detailed the gutsy realism of blues lyrics, contrasting them with the tinseled unreality of Tin Pan Alley. And the varied writings of Martin Williams, Frederick Ramsey, Alan Lomax, Marshall

Stearns and Albert McCarthy can be commended for the blues students.

With all the recordings and commentary on the field, one might expect that the lot of the blues man has improved. Such is not the case with these trouble-haunted men. Of the old-time blues men, Muddy Waters is probably the most affluent. The former Mississippi field hand, who was recorded under the name of Mackinley Morganfield in the early forties for the Library of Congress, heads a band and the Chess recording company. Brownie McGhee, Sonny Terry and Hooker get a lot of work, as do a few of the other traditionalists. Mostly it is a hard grind.

An episode in Chicago last winter gave some insight into what is happening with the blues today. Josh White, the noted folk singer, was cutting a disc for Mercury of "The Early Years," a retrospective view of his earliest recordings before stylization and commercial factors had sophisticated his work. On the session with him was a harmonica player and blues singer named Sonny Boy Williamson (the second performer of that name, incidentally), a 63-year-old man who had trod a different path than Josh. After the session - a remarkable fusion of the old and the cityfied blues - each man went his own way.

Josh relaxed in the bar of the Gate of Horn in Chicago, a posh club where white audiences have taken him to their heart. Amid admirers and comfort, Josh drank an expensive drink and spoke nostalgically about his early years, Meanwhile, Sonny Boy headed out to West Lake Street and Western Avenue. In a little club under the "El," while a handful of impoverished Negroes drank quietly, Sonny Boy and a trio ran through a variety of rhythm-and-blues numbers and some old blues for a visitor.

In their divergent world, Josh and Sonny Boy II were speaking the same language of the blues, but with different accents and for different ears.

The bluesmen of past and present make as fascinating a gallery of folk poets and bards as one can find anywhere in the world. Leadbelly, Big Bill, Lightning, Sonny, Tampa, Mamma Yancey, Bukka White, Sleepy John, Big Maceo, Cripple Clarence, Blind Lemon . . . a long list, never finished, still adding names.

"If the blues was money," goes the old lament, "I'd be a millionaire." HI-LIFE



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BOOKS

(continued from page 9)

izations of the advertising business. filled with dire warnings that any further governmental attempts at advertising regulation would reduce the Union to a state of debauchery and decline unrivaled since the Roman Empire's last days. In addition, this tome offers specious arguments on the eficacy of bad grammar in advertisements, advice to fellow practitioners on the fine art of kissing a rear portion of the client's anatomy, and a confession that he is responsible, among other cultural outrages, for putting "Johnnie" in store windows all over the country. And what, Granddaddy, did you do for your country?

Il too often the backward traveler A looses a flood of nostalgic outpourings that reduces the particular era of his reminiscences to a fondly fatuous puddle. A Moveable Feast. by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner), however, is a penultimate paen to the past. The despair and joy of his salad days are here; the walks along Paris Streets; the days at the race tracks; the weeks of skiing; the portraits of contemporaries, loved, hated, or otherwise; a maniacal motor-trip he and F. Scott Fitzgerald took from Lyon to Paris. In these sketches, probably the last words from Pappa, he recreates his life in Paris in the Twenties with a wit. intensity, and candor, rare in literature.

That little ole story teller from down in the Ohio River Valley is at it again. In Twelve Tales of Susperse and the Superseatural (Scribner), Davis Grubb gives life to as ornery and cussed and depraved a passel of characters as you'll find anywhere, even in Tennessee Williams' basement. The carryings on are gosh awful.

COLD WAR

(continued from page 28)

be criticized on grounds of pleistocene simplicity, dreary artwork and unbelievable story-telling. Compared to a strip like Steve Conyon, where Caniff has blended excellent draughtsmanship, literate, contemporary dialogue and a keen sense of narrative into one of the most sophisticated of comic strips, Smilin' Jack reads like a firstgrade primer.

Neither as stylized as Canyon or as simplistic as Similin' Jack, Martin Branner's Winnie Winkle is no less disturbing when it concerns itself with Cold War issues. When Winnie, one of the original career gals of the comics, went to Russia last year as a fashionable emissary of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the Chicago Tribune-Daily News Syndicate took a full-page ad in Editor & Publisher to announce the fact and promise a sequence "loaded with laughs and comedy on the Commissars! Every-body will have fun watching the Reds turn pink!"

Winnie in her peregrinations, is imprisoned and held for trial on phoney charges of espionage, but she wins her freedom by turning her prison garb into a snappy ensemble and by fashioning some home-made makeup out of raw materials such as charcoal and beets. The climax of the sequence comes when a hald-headed man (identified as "a certain party at the Kremlin") bangs his shoe on his desk and roars: "Get that woman out of Russia!!!" Winnie, it seems, has made the U.S.S.R. the "laughing-stock of the world" by turning her trial into a fashion show. Although it took seven or eight weeks to resolve her ordeal. the actual plot is so lightheaded and ludicrous that most fairy tales would seem equally credible by comparison.

For that matter, Harold Grav's Little Orphan Annie has been described as an allegory about international economics in which Daddy Warbucks is good-old-fashioned Capitalism and Annie the weak persecuted modern brand of Big Business. And though Gray is not writing an adventure strip in the usual sense of the word-i.e. Dick Tracy or Flash Gordon-he generally uses melodrama. tons of violence, plus a heavy reliance on "luck" and coincidence in depicting the trials and guaranteed triumphs of the mop-haired moppet with the empty eye sockets. This mixture would normally be objectionable only on esthetic or cultural grounds, but Gray uses his strip as an outlet for the rankest conservative views. As one unneutral observer has noted of Annie, "she has been fighting democracy, social welfare, high taxes, universal suffrage, reform, education, culture and human love for years."

Last year, after a sequence reminiscent of the social welfare struggle in Newburgh, N.Y., Little Orphan Annie offered a solution for the Cuban problem. Her Castro-convertible adventures went something like this:

She is on a jet plane which is hijacked by protegees of the Caribbean dictator, Gen. Mustashio Toro, This despot asks for ransom, but instead receives a death noose from Johnny Quick, an old Warbucks protege who gets into Toro's palace by means unspecified, Just when Annie, Quick and company are being threatened by troops with flame throwers and gas (not yet outlawed in the comics), Daddy Warbucks emerges from a secret tunnel (he concedes his presence there was "largely luck") and escorts his friends to safety aboard a waiting yacht.

Later, when the U.S. government has withdrawn Quick's airline license for rules infraction, Warbucks supports him with a hundred-million-dollar check and this complinent: "You were being punished for being my kind of old-fashioned Americanism! I don't like to see our kind punished, Johnny't Earlier, Warbucks delivered another polemic: "I recall Teddy Roosevell's advice! 'Never shake your finger!" That, if and then shake your finger! That,

Johnny, is the sort of Americanism I think an awful lot of us admire!"

However, given these realities of modern international relations, the approach to national conduct put forth by Mr. Gray in dialogues such as the above merely serve to substitute fantasy for reality.

Although they are in the minority. there are some comic strips presenting another political point of view. Last year Raeburn Van Buren. creator of Abbie an' Slats, had Bathless Groggins, once called the "distillation of fifty years of bums," open an answering service. His only customer is a mysterious one who calls himself Smith John. Mr. John, it turns out, has an uncanny resemblance to Adolf Hitler. Minus mustache, of course. When the U.S. Army steps into the picture, Mr. John steps outa fire prevents either his capture or his rescue. Whether he perished in this fire or escaped to return another day is left unresolved.

Van Buren admits that the sequence was meant to end with a question mark. "It could have been Hitler," he says, as though he isn't sure himself. "There's always been the question in people's minds whether this guy is roaming around somewhere. This sequence was supposed to leave the same doubt that already existed in the reader's mind." Coming at a time when there is concern over the re-

arming of Germany and over the alleged rebirth of Nazism among German youth, the Hitler sequence was an imaginative use of the medium.

A gentleman whom liberals have always felt was on their side—Walt Kelly—last year came under fire for a sequence involving caricatures of both Fidel Castro and Nikita Khrush-thev. Several newspapers, principally in Japan and Canada, cancelled Pogo during this sequence, but Kelly was not perturbed. Often he has found himself out of favor with conservatives, so it was something of a unique experience for him to be in trouble for making fun of the Left.

Kelly, however, transcends political ideologies in his ability to satirize fraud and humbuggery wherever he finds it.

"It was probably a surprise to a good many people to find that many aspects of Joe McCarthy were ridiculous and that fun could be derived from them in a comic strip," he has said, adding that he feels safe in treating serious subjects with a light touch because he has faith in his readership's ability to accept and enjoy such treatment. "My mail is about half from children and half from adults and the half from the children shows a high level of understanding, a perception and awareness of life (which I don't remember stumbling across in my salad days), and a great sense of humor," Kelly once revealed. Almost as an afterthought, he noted: "The adults who write have not much to be ashamed of in comparison."

Hark, hark, Roy Crane, Harold Gray and all the rest of you, did you hear that?

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